

Perfectly Whole by Cheyenne_6698

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Summary:

Sequel to Perfectly Broken. After being walked in on, Jonathan and Nancy have revelations.

Perfectly Whole

Author's Note:

If you haven't read Perfectly Broken yet, I highly suggest you read that first. I do not own Stranger Things, if I did, Jonathan and Nancy would have ended up together.

Jonathan was in heaven. There was no other way to describe it. Nancy Wheeler was straddling his hips, their mouths joined in a clash of passion. His shirt, along with Nancy's shirt and bra, were lost somewhere on the floor. Even though it had been 8 months since the nightmare that had been his brother's abduction to that other world had given him that amazing night with Nancy, that had now turned into this. She was his girlfriend, but they kept it quiet. Not because he was ashamed or more believably she was. Rather, Jonathan was afraid that if Nancy's parents found out, they'd separate them. Steve had apologized for what he had said that day in the alley, but Jonathan had known he was telling the truth, or at least what most of the town believed. The Byers were screw ups, not the type a successful, well-to-do father like Nancy's would want with his beautiful princess. Nancy had made it very clear that she could care less what her parents thought, but Jonathan didn't want to risk it or her. Nancy had brought so much light into his life. If she was gone.....

Jonathan pulled himself out of the dark thoughts and focused on the beautiful girl in his arms. His girl. Nancy's arms were looped around his neck, one hand scratching gently at his scalp, the other tracing lines all over his back. One of his own hands was embedded in Nancy's hair, this other arm wrapped around her hips, grinding her down against his bulge. Nancy and Jonathan were so consumed with each other, they didn't even notice her bedroom door open or the two boys and the woman standing there until the piercing shriek hit their ears.

"NANCY WHEELER!"

The two split apart, Jonathan pushing Nancy behind him as he was

prepared to face the threat, only it was two very shocked little brothers and one very upset mother.

"Downstairs. Now."

Jonathan had never seen Mrs. Wheeler this angry. He had never actually seen her show any emotions besides the seemingly bubbly personality that she had on a daily basis. But there was no doubt now what she was feeling. She was pissed. And she expected them to walk out of the room right at that moment.

"Ummmmmmmm, Mom..."

Nancy looked down meaningfully, her bare chest still hidden behind Jonathan's back, but her mother got the drift.

"Of course." She ushered Will and Mike downstairs before turning back to the teens. "Two minutes." And from the tone of her voice, she meant it.

As soon as her mother disappeared from sight, Nancy was desperately searching the floor for her bra before giving up and going to the top drawer of her dresser to pull one out. Jonathan simply his black t shirt, which he had found between the nightstand and the bed, over his head, but when he reached for his plaid, he found it gone. He looked around to only see his girlfriend with his shirt on, buttoning it up. Stealing his shirts was a habit Nancy had had for a while that he had never minded, but it shocked him that she would want to do it now, when they were going down to confront her mom and their younger siblings after them walking in on them in a very compromising position. Nancy looked up and caught him staring at her. "What?"

He walked over and wrapped his arms around her waist. "Do you really think that it's a good idea to wear my shirt down there? After they just saw us like...that?"

Nancy smiled that little smile that she only ever gave him. "Of course it is. It sends a very clear message."

"Which is?"

"That I'm yours, and I'm not willing to give you up. No matter what our parents or our younger siblings think."

Jonathan sighed. She had said it before, but he wasn't sure that Nancy would stand by it. He still remembered the old Nancy, the one from before The Incident. The one who thought she was rebelling by doing what every other suburban girl was doing to rebel. At the time, that had been Steve. But then she had turned to him. Insecurities slipped into his mind once more. That he wasn't worth her fighting her family for. That he would end up costing her the wonderful, amazing future he knew she was destined for. Jonathan didn't want to take anything away from Nancy; he wanted to do the very opposite. He wanted to lay the world down at her feet, and he couldn't. Maybe that's what hurt him the worse, to know he couldn't give her what he knew she deserved.

Nancy seemed to know exactly what was going through his mind. She cupped his jaw and tried to make him have eye contact with her. "Jonathan, look at me." He kept avoiding her eyes. "Jonathan, please, look at me." Something in her voice made him finally meet her eyes. There was tears and something else shining in her eyes that made it just impossible for him to look away. "Do you remember what I told you that first night? When you kept telling me that you were no good for me, that you were broken. Do you remember what I told you?" Jonathan nodded. "What did I say?"

"That I was perfectly broken, that you were broken too. That together maybe we'd be whole."

Nancy smiled a smile that made Jonathan feel like the sun had broken through the clouds, a tear finally breaking free and rolling down her cheek as she nodded her head. He caught the tear with his thumb. "Nancy, no, please. Baby, don't cry. I'll do better, I promise. Whatever you want. Just don't cry."

Nancy shook her head. "There was no maybe, Jonathan." His heart just sank in his chest, and he tried turning his face away, but Nancy forced him to keep eye contact. "There was no maybe because you do. You make me whole. You complete me in a way I had never thought was possible. I didn't even realize how incomplete I was until that night. After knowing that feeling of being whole, how could I

give that up? How could I give you up?"

Jonathan couldn't believe what he was hearing. He had been certain it was only him who felt that way. Knowing now how Nancy felt, Jonathan couldn't stop himself from crashing their mouths together. He could care less at that moment about her mom or their brothers who were waiting downstairs. All Jonathan could focus on was Nancy. His hands slipped under the plaid to rest against the skin of her waist. When they pulled back for breath, Jonathan just couldn't stop his next words from coming out. "I love you."

Nancy froze in his arms. "What did you say?"

Jonathan was embarrassed, he didn't want to say it again. It was obvious from her reaction that she didn't feel the same. "Nothing, Nancy. It was nothing."

Nancy cupped his cheek, raising up on her tiptoes so that they were closer to the same level. Jonathan, I need to hear you say it again."

"I love you, Nancy Wheeler."

As soon as the last syllable left his tongue, Nancy was on him. This time, she crushed his mouth to hers, her arms going around his neck. She jumped up, legs wrapping around his hips. Jonathan stumbled a moment before catching his balance, his hands cupping her butt. As much as it pained him, he separated their lips. "Nancy, your-"

"I love you too."

If he had thought earlier that when she had said that he completed her was the best words he had ever heard, he was wrong. Nancy saying she loved him was the best. When their lips met again, he couldn't bring himself to care anymore on those waiting on them. he couldn't bring himself to care about the consequences. All he could care about was that her, perfect Nancy Wheeler, loved him, screw up Jonathan Byers. And that together, they were perfectly whole.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading, and I hope you enjoyed. Kudos and comments are appreciated!